Further I ſay, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Gloſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood.
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayſt thou to this?
Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyer.
King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule:
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and feareleſſe I to thee allow.
Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lieſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I, by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,

The

The honourable Father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life; *I did*
A treſpaſſe that doth vexe my grieued ſoule:
Ah, but ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeald,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and moſt degenerate Traitour;
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
To prooue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chambred in your boſome
In haſt whereof, moſt hartily I pray
Your highneſſe to aſſigne our triall day.
King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we preſcribe, though no Phiſition:
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion:
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no month to bleed:
Good Vncle, let this end where it begunne;
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſo
Gaunt. To be a make-peace, ſhall become my
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolk
King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid againe.
King. *Norfolke*, throw downe we bid, there is
Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread ſoueraigne) at
My life thou ſhalt commaund, but not my ſhame
The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
Deſpight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke Diſhonors vſe, thou ſhalt not haue:
I am diſgrac't, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
Pierſt to the ſoule with ſlaunders venomd ſpear
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blo